

KNIGHT 19 WALDING FILED
RD 16

MARVEL®
13th Oct 90

№122 45p

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

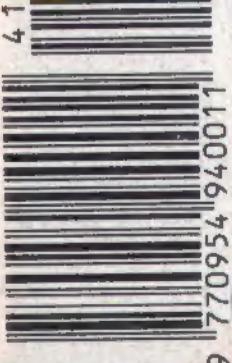
and

SLIMER!



NOW THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
3-D!

ISSN 0954-9404



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RD 16

MARVEL
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NO 122 45p

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and

SLIMER!



41
ISSN 0954-9404
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Hello and welcome to another death defying issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS AND SLIMER!** But be warned, for this latest collaboration is most certainly not for the faint hearted! No doubt the more observant readers will have noticed there's a ghost of the cinema screen featured on the cover in **Movie Monster!** Well, that's because this week's story is all about talking pictures in the true sense of the word. Don't be surprised if you need parental guidance to help you read it through!

Feline like a good animal story? Well now, there's a coincidence because friends of the furries will be gripped by the tail of **The Howl And The Pussycat!** A real hoot!

Finally, especially for all you Slimer fiends, there's the second instalment of our colourful story, **Art For Slimer's Sake!** Well, you know what they say, another priceless issue, no?!

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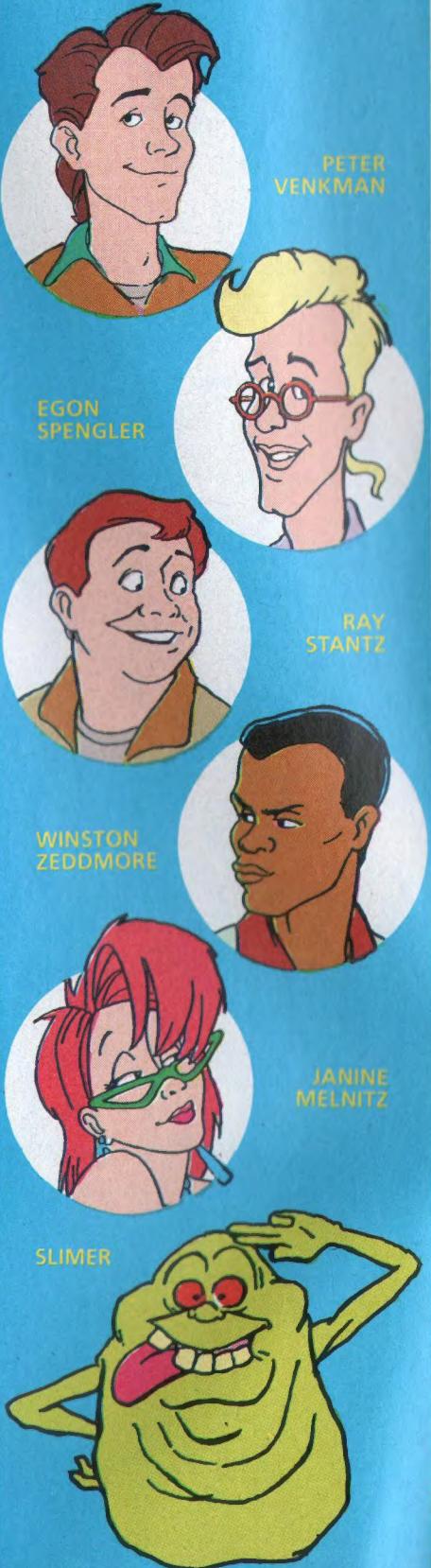
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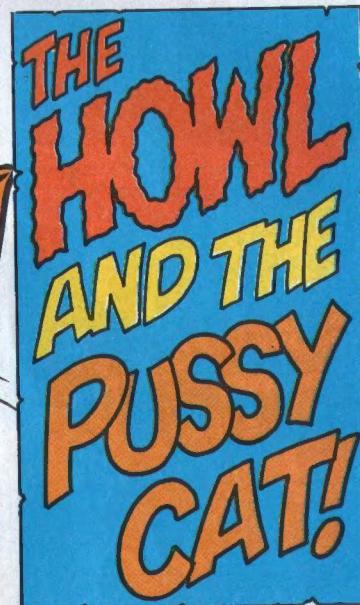


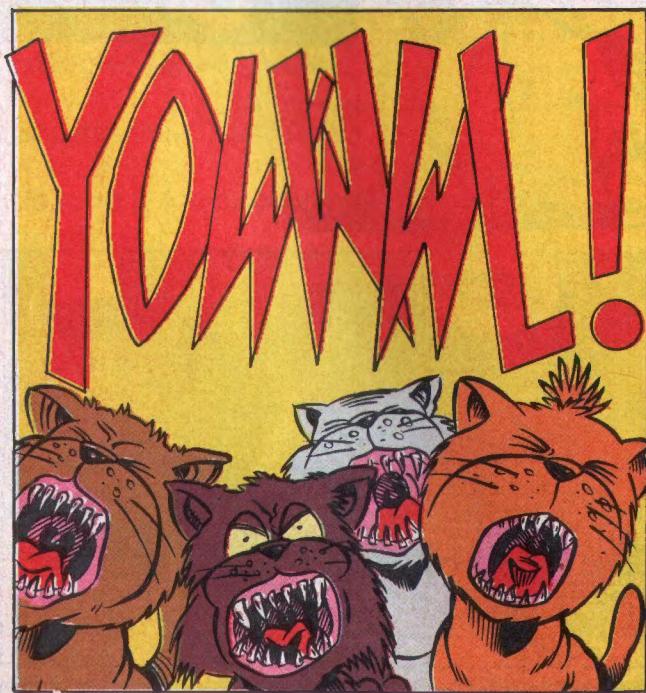
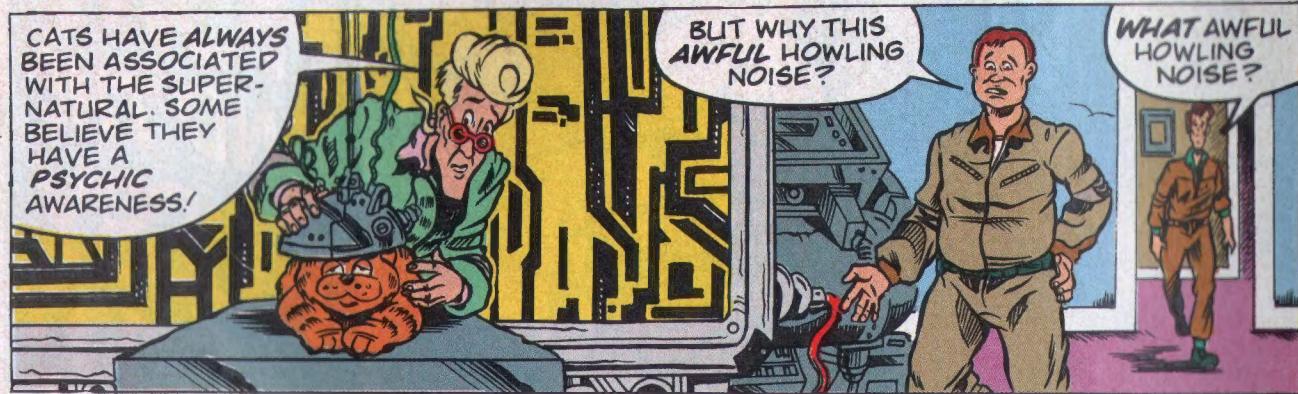
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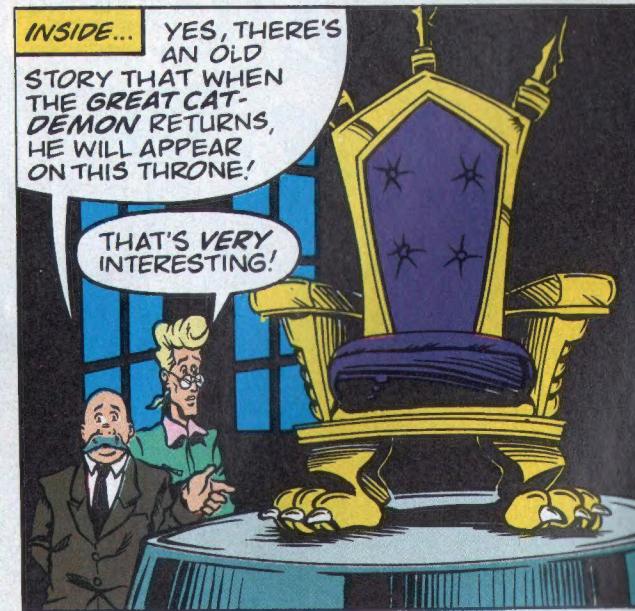
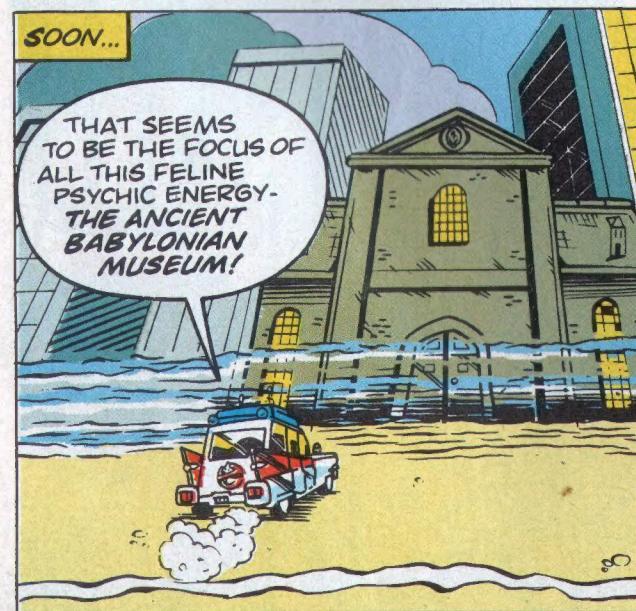
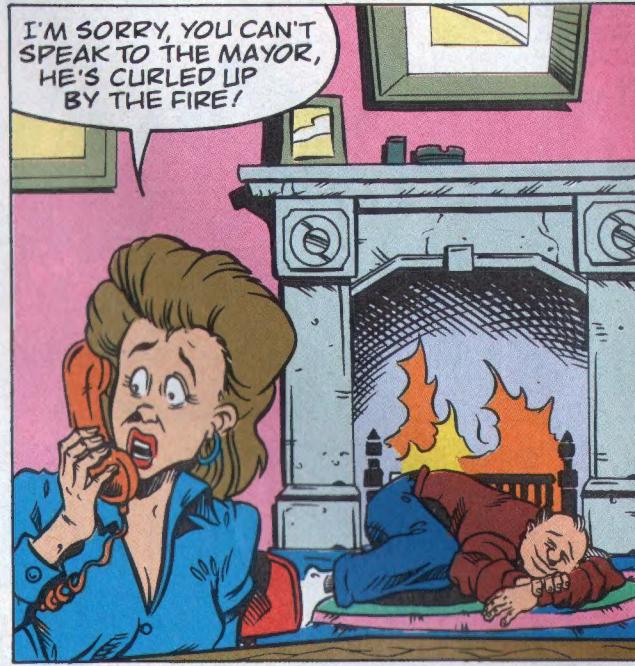
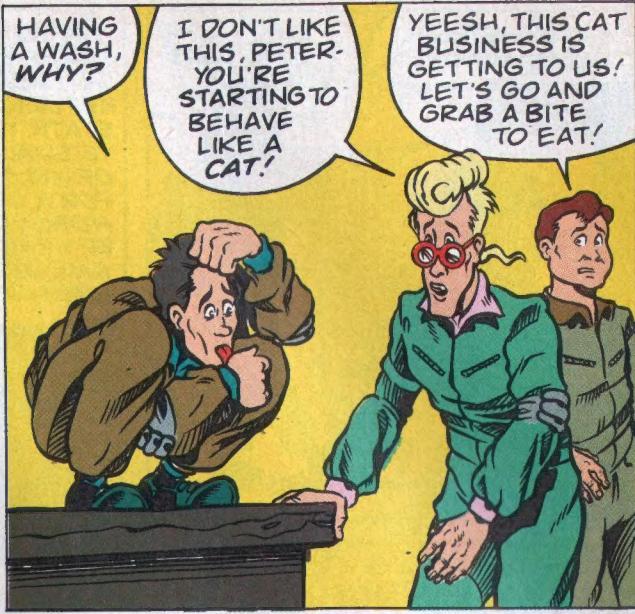
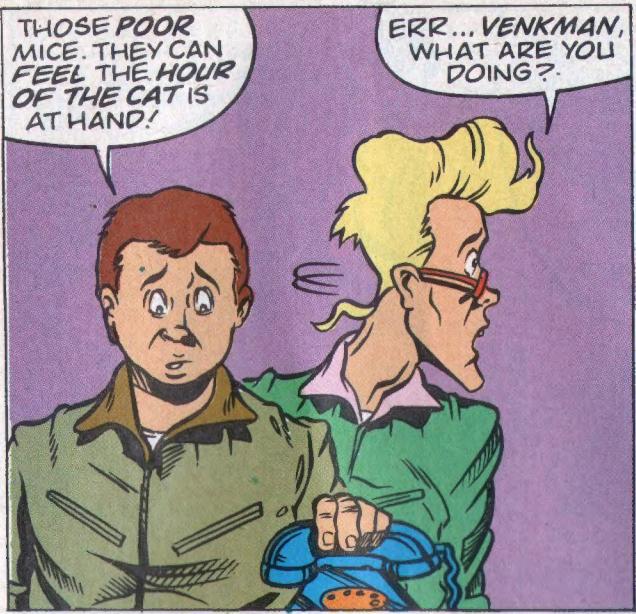


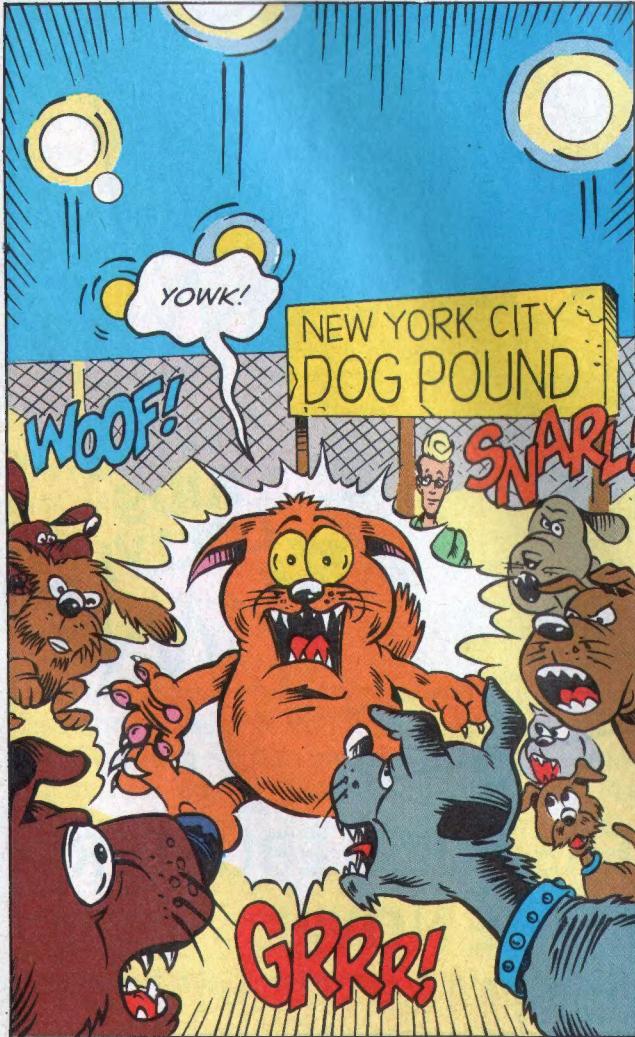
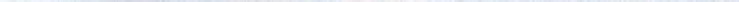
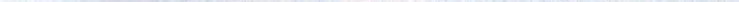
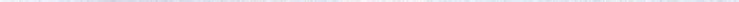
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WOOF!

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DOG POUND

SNARL

GRRR!



Pop!

YES, THAT SUDDEN WAVE OF HOSTILE CANINE PSYCHIC ENERGY CAUSED HIM TO FALL BACK ON HIS PRIMITIVE INSTINCTS-AND FLEE!

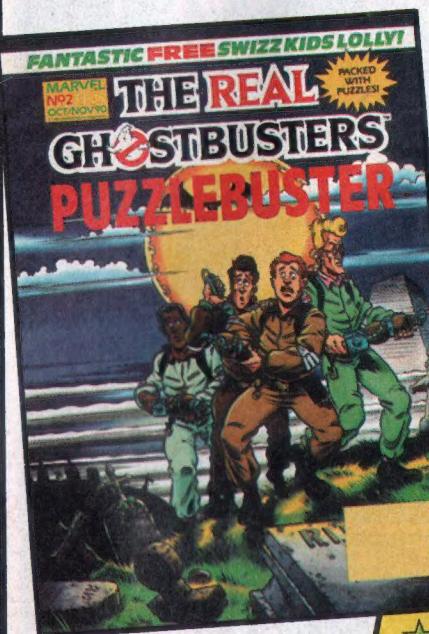


AND THANKS TO MAN'S BEST FRIEND-

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WHAT ARE YOU DOING THIS HALLOWE'EN?



1. Pink, sugary snack found at fairgrounds.
2. Usually eaten in the cinema.
3. Peter's favourite food.
4. Two types of music.
5. One of these a day, keeps the doctor away.

If you have found out which are which, Slimer will eat the treats and be your buddybuddy forever. Don't discard the tricks as they might come in handy later. If you're still baffled, consult Peter's Guide To Fooling Green Spooks on page 47.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE TWO ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

SPENCER'S SPIRIT GUIDE

News from the cinema circuits of the Supercosmos tells me that the autumn releases have been packing them in at movie houses all over the thirty levels of the Underworld. Actually, it's the Yldammic Pit Fiends who've been packing them in, as they are paid by the hour to cram as many demonettes into the cinemas as possible using big ecto-wood spatulas specially crafted for the purpose. But the result is much the same. For anyone who's caught Bury Normal's XTV show on movies, there is a course of antibiotics you can go on, but in the mean time, you'll have learned a lot about the new releases.

Top of the charts is *Total Rickshaw*, a blockbuster film about a human who tries to remember why he decided to take a haunted tour of Tokyo rather than a taxi. Then there's *Total Relapse*, the sequel, which features the human trying to remember why he's ended up at Tokyo airport in a pool of slime with bite-marks on his luggage. A close third is the summer's blockbuster, *Total Retread*, which features an irate rickshaw driver trying to mend his vehicle. This film took in over a million ghouls on its first day at the box-office, and many of them are still trying to remember why. Look out for the next sequel over Christmas, called *Total Total*. I've seen a preview of this, and I'm not



PART 122

sure whether I found the plot, let alone understood it. Then of course there's *Dire Herd*, about a lone ex-cop who can't understand why the office block he's trying to protect has been invaded by the phantom cattle of Lugwort, the demon herdsman. I fully expect the sequel, *Die Herder*, to appear by the New Year, where Lugwort turns up looking for his cows.

Gromlins 47 promised to be good, but as yet they've been unable to show it, as the projection equipment keeps mysteriously breaking down. Setting aside the long-running cinema successes like *Top Gunk*, *Three Men and a Kolord* and *Partial Recall* (I can't really remember the story of that last one), which are all still doing good business, I can recommend *Adolescent*

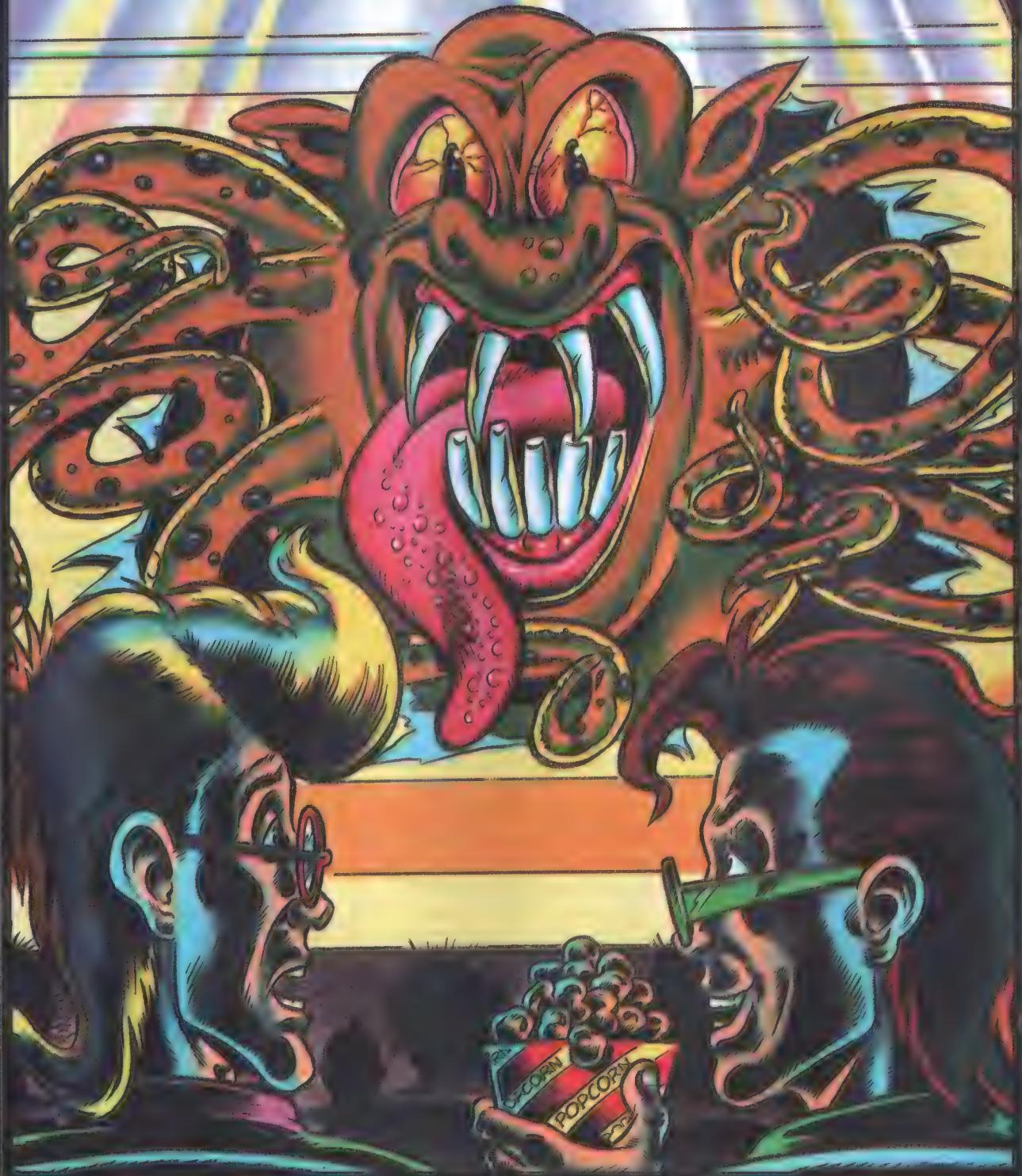
Freak Samurai Squirrels. This is bound to be a massive hit over the holidays. Gasp! as they decide to hibernate. Shriek! as they bury their nuts and fruit. Gasp again! as they wake up and try to remember where they buried the pecans. They also shout something about cows, but this may be a clever cross-reference to *Dire Herder*.

Winston tells me that *Doc Treachy* is an exciting film, where heart-throb Warren Peace acts out the adventures of toffee-nosed private eye Doc just like the comic book character.

I have great reservations about this one, the same as I had for *Bantam*, the smash-hit movie about a millionaire playboy who defends his home town in the form of a massive, midnight-black, vigilante chicken. Who's going to want to see a movie based on a comic book character when there are real heroes like us Ghostbusters to keep them entertained?

Finally, there are some great animated features from the Doesnty Studio out on re-release. Look our for *Jet Black and the Seven Kolords*, *Phantasmia*, *The Hundred-and-One Damnations* and that all-time favourite *Damnbo*, the story of a little elephant warrior in a head-band who finally saves the day thanks to his enormously sharp pointy teeth. Which, after all, is what they're there for.

MOVIE MONSTER!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

The Real Ghostbusters really like a break, enjoying a good movie. But some movies are better than others. . .

With a screech of tyres, ECTO-1 pulled up at the ticket booth of the new Drive-In movie. Peter leaned out of the window and smiled at the ticket lady. "Four for 'I Married a Sludge Monster from Alberqueque,'" he asked, "the 3-D spectacular!"

"Twelve dollars," droned the ticket lady, taking Peter's money and handing him the tickets. "No shouting, no singing and definitely no slime, okay?"

"Hey," said Winston from the back seat, "What was that about slime? Who do you think we are?"

"You're The Real Ghostbusters," snapped the ticket lady, staring hard at Winston. "I've seen your pictures in the paper and I've seen you covered in slime. No slime, okay?"

"Okay," said Peter, nodding. The lady stared hard at them all. Egon shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Then she sniffed and handed over four sets of special 3D film glasses. Peter grabbed them and started ECTO-1 up again, driving into a parking spot in front of the open air film screen.

Advertisements were already flashing across the whitened canvas, and terrible jingles for hot dogs and ice cream blared from speakers set on posts on either side of the parking space. "Luckily we didn't bring Slimer," said Ray. "We might not have got tickets."

"Sookay Rayoldbudddeee," said Slimer, sticking his head out of ECTO-1's back seat. "She no see me!"

"SLIMER!" shouted Peter. "Why, I ought to—"

"Peter, please," Egon cut in, stopping Peter from trying to grab Slimer, and produced another pair of 3D glasses from his pocket. "It was my idea to bring Slimer along to this social occasion."

Peter looked at Egon in astonishment as the main credits for the film began to roll. "You?" he gasped.

"I thought Egon agreed to get out of his

laboratory far too easily," said Winston, putting on his 3D glasses.

"Well, I think it's nice of Egon to think of Slimer," said Ray, digging into some popcorn. "After all, he's always carrying out all manner of strange experiments on the poor ghost, it was about time Slimer got something out of it – uh oh."

"Ah, I think I'm discovered," said Egon, as he finished hooking Slimer to a peculiar apparatus that seemed to be made out of an old colander and a pair of Peter's stereo headphones.

Putting the 3D glasses on Slimer, he began to explain. "I want to judge the perceptive and recognition levels of paranormal emanations," he said as the sludge monster suddenly rose out of the screen and began to eat a supermarket, much to the consternation of the leading lady, who was screaming louder than a car alarm on East 44th Street. "In order to judge these factors, I'm putting Slimer in a non-realistic state with the viewing of the three-dimensional images from the projector behind us. Following that—"

"Oh shut up, Egon," said Peter, who had already put on his 3D glasses and had settled back to watch the film. "This movie is just getting to a really good part."

"Hey," cut in Winston, "isn't this the film starring Sarah Cheesman as the deadly axe-wielding maniac who smashes up hip hop record stores?"

"No, that's 'Sarah Cheesman Smashes Up Hip Hop Record Stores', Ray said. "That's a colour film by Boris Herkoff, made in 1979. This is a black and white film featuring Boris Carlot in 1958."

"An easy mistake to make," said Peter, as the sludge monster decided to eat three battleships, throw an oil rig over its shoulder and advance on the Statue of Liberty with a wicked twinkle in its evil eye. "But the difference between black and white and colour films is usually what stops people making the mistake."

"Ha ha," said Winston, "Guess I must have seen it on cable or something. The way the leading lady drove straight through that hip hop record store with that fork lift truck fooled me for a moment."

"Well, it did look very realistic," agreed Peter, as the monster stopped in its tracks, and seemed to stare down at the Drive-in car park, then continue on its way to wreak havoc on East 44th Street. The leading lady backed her fork lift truck out of a smashed-up shop and set off in pursuit.

"You know," said Egon, "That lady looks very familiar..."

Slimer started to gibber and point to the screen as the sludge monster suddenly seemed to turn on the audience once more and roar at them. Egon's machine started to blink furiously. "Fascinating," murmured Egon, "it seems that the 3D images have so confused Slimer he can't tell the difference between the film and a real sludge monster!"

"But that's what the film's supposed to do," said Ray. "Even I jump a little with these 3D things."

"Yes," said Egon, "but the light frequencies must be so confusing for our ghost here that he thinks it really *is* a monster."

"Typical," said Peter, as Slimer pointed wildly at the film screen and the monster started to stare at ECTO-1, almost as though it could actually see it. "I mean," Peter added, "this film's realistic, but these effects are so dated – it's an obvious fake!"

"HEY!" roared the monster from the screen, its arms on hips, staring straight down at ECTO-1. "Do you mind? I'm just getting my best scene and all you four can do is talk through it!"

"Sorry," Egon replied automatically, "it's just that these visual readings are so incredible, it's almost as if you were real..." The monster gave a very real snort and turned back to eat a couple of foreign cars. "Don't know why you didn't stay in and watch a video," it moaned, picking its teeth with a broken lamp post. "Egon..." said Peter, reaching carefully

for the Proton Pack and Gun that Winston slowly passed him from the back of the car.

"I know, I know," said Egon, "That's a real ghost in a film, in front of us and it's eating New York. But is it the real New York?"

At that point, a fork lift truck ran straight into the back of the monster and Janine popped on to the screen, glaring at the Ghostbusters. "Hey, you guys!" she shouted. "Are you going to bust this ghost or do I have to do all the work?"

At that point, Ray and Winston jumped out of ECTO-1 and blasted the cinema screen with their Proton Guns. The screen buckled, rattled and suddenly warped, peculiar coloured lights blasting from it. Green slime exploded from the screen, covering all the cars, including ECTO-1 and all four Ghostbusters. Then, with a faint sizzle of extinguished ectoplasmic energy and an even fainter moan of "Didn't even get to do my best scene," the real – or unreal – monster seemed to vanish from existence.

"Guys!" shouted Ray, "Does this mean we've busted Janine too – or was she part of the film?" The radio crackled into life in reply, with Janine warning the Ghostbusters of a monster eating cars on East 44th Street. "Weird," said Winston. "Peculiar," agreed Peter.

"TWOUBLE!" squealed Slimer, as angry film-goers and a very angry looking film lady made her way towards them. "Trouble indeed," agreed Egon, getting back into ECTO-1. "I suggest a fast getaway, stopping only for a take-out pizza at least ten blocks from here."

"Hey," said Winston. "Now I'm sure I've seen that one before!"



OUND OF HELL

Rover was the name given to this demonic doggie after he was found pounding the streets of New York by little Bobby. However, Bobby's mother was none too pleased with the idea of a four-legged lodger, mainly because they lived in an apartment in the middle of the city. It was agreed that the slavering spook could stay with Bobby until the following morning, when Rover would be taken to the local dog pound, in the hope of finding him a suitable home.

During the course of the night, mother called in to check on Bobby and the bone crusher, only to discover that 'man's best friend' was . . . an imposter! There, before her, stood one heck of a hot dog, puffing and panting, sniffing and snorting. One thing was certain, this pooch was possessed!

Now, Bobby's pet may have been a fiery fiend but his mother was as cool as a cucumber and knew just who to call. And quicker than you can say, 'The Real Ghostbusters', help arrived in the shape of Mr. Raymond

Stantz, who confirmed that not only was the mutt from another dimension, but his pedigree was pure Baskerville! Crikey, there was only one thing for it, to 'dispose of the phantom pooch permanently!'

Bobby overheard Ray's remark and snuck out the window into the back alley, closely followed by the four-legged fiend, closely followed by The Real Ghostbuster and his Proton Gun! Fortunately, Ray managed to sniff out their hiding place promptly disposing of the hell hound via the Ghost Trap. Rough!



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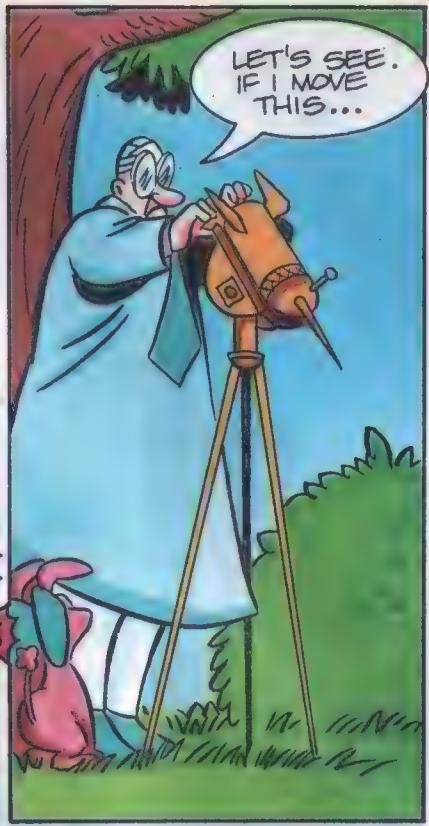
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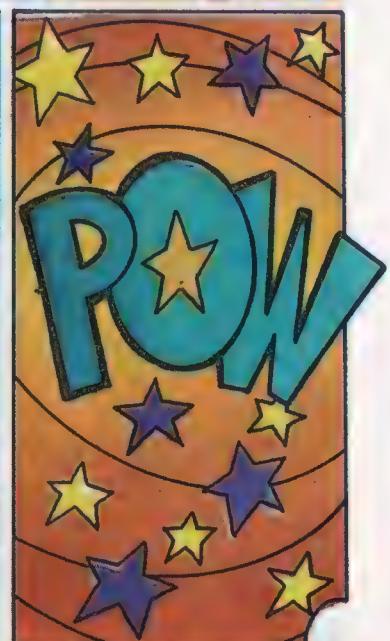
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SLIMER!

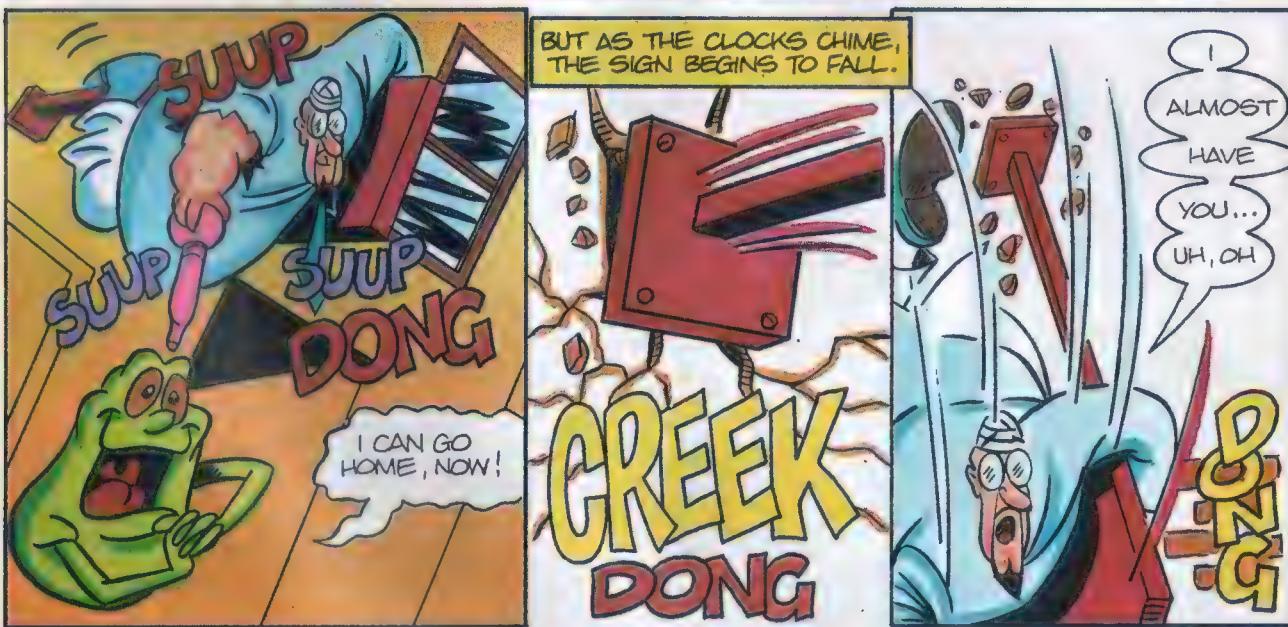
Part Two: Professor Dweeb and Elizabeth are trying to capture Slimer in order to put him in their exhibition at the museum...













**DOLLOND &
AITCHISON**



SPECTACULAR OFFER PRIZE WINNERS!

Remember the **Spectacular Spooky Readers' Offer** back in **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** Issue one hundred and thirteen? Well, here are the fifty lucky winners who each receive a **DOLLOND AND AITCHISON** Real Ghostbusters' Spectacle Case. Well done to you all!

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NAME
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SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

DEAD TREE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?

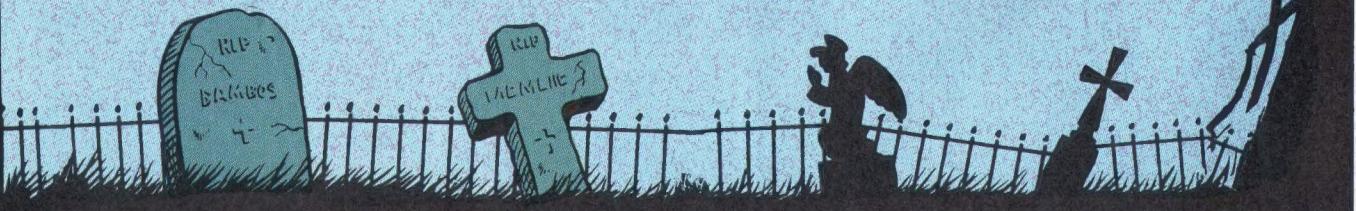


Opposite New York's famous Central Park is one particular apartment block which houses a mysterious event from days gone by. On this site there once stood a grand townhouse, which had been erected just after the end of the Civil War. However, despite the obvious beauty of the building, it had been neglected and remained unoccupied until the 1930's when a somewhat eccentric Englishman moved in. Now, at first, the local residents were pleased that the building had at last somebody to look after it, but their mood soon changed to annoyance as the Englishman's frequent and lavish parties scandalised the neighbourhood. Another oddity that the new occupier possessed was the habit of running out on to the street, usually

after midnight shrieking, 'She's come back!'

Thinking that the man was suffering from insanity, a few of the neighbours decided to pay him a visit to check on his welfare. However, much to their bewilderment, they discovered that the gentleman was indeed just that. However, the mental stability of the chap was once again questioned after he took them upstairs to the master bedroom and pointed out a large fireplace, saying that this was the cause of all his present troubles! He explained that from the hearth frequently rose a ghostly woman carrying a child in her arms. He claimed that it was always after the apparition woke him from his sleep that he would run out on to the street. The visitors decided to give up on their neighbour, labelling him either a drunk or mad!

It would appear, however, that the eccentric English gent was neither of the aforementioned. During the 1960's the house was pulled down to make way for the present apartment building, and it was during this time that the demolition men discovered a large box whilst they dismantled the fireplace. Hidden inside was the skeleton of a woman, and lying close by, were the remains of a small child. Further investigation proved that the dress on the skeleton bore the label of a well-known department store of the 1800's. The woman had obviously been killed very suddenly - nobody knows how - and had frequently tried to wake the old Englishman from his slumber, perhaps to reveal to him the strange circumstances surrounding her death!



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
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What do you get if you leave bones out in the sun?
A skele-tan!

What did the ghost take for a bad cold?
Coffin drops!
— Scott Corey, Glasgow

What's the best thing to put in a chocolate cake?
Your teeth!
— Ali Haq, Colchester

What did the witch ask for when she arrived at the hotel?
Broom service!
— Mark Russell

What does a Red Indian ghost live in?
A creepy teepee!
— Daniel Tee, Reading

What kind of tie does a pig wear?
A pig-sty
— Stewart Lawes, Loughborough

What do you call a train loaded with toffee?
A chew-chew train!
— James Pitt, Telford

Why didn't the skeleton climb on to the roof?
Because he didn't have the guts!
— Paul Tufton, East London

What did the alien say to the petrol pump?
Take your finger out of your ear!
— Gordon Scobie, Ayr

Why did the boy take the family car to school?
To drive the teacher up the wall!
— Steven Tippett, Paignton

First boy: "Did you hear about the idiot who kept saying no?"
Second boy: "No!"
First boy: "Oh, so it was you!"
— Nicholas Hart, Slough

ALL DRESSED UP AND NO ONE TO BUST!

